

A L E T T E R From the Camp near the River

Ricton the fourteenth of *AUGUST*.

AS those that are saved from a Shipwrack delight themselves exceedingly in relating those dangers they have avoided, so I think it is very just, that after a bloody Battell, I may have the pleasure to tell you the particulars of it. The Zeal I have for the glory of my Prince, and the Employment with which he hath honoured me in his Army, made me a party concerned in this Action. To entertain you Cavalieremen of a Battell, that is now the universal talk of all Europe: I will tell you the particulars of it the most impartially and the most succinctly that I can.

The tenth of *August* the Prince of *Conde*, was informed by a Spy, that the Confederate Army was to March towards *Marimont*, upon that advice His Highness sent the Count of *St. Martins* with five hundred Horse to discover the truth of this Report, he had the good fortune to meet with a Party of two hundred Dutch Horse, he fell upon them briskly, and after a short resistance, in which most of them were Killed, and the rest taken Prisoners, he came back to our Camp and his Prisoners did confirm the truth of those informations we had received from our Spy, immediately after the Prince of *Conde* gave Orders that the whole Army should be in a readiness to March and to Fight, and Saturday last at break of the day, we went out of our Trenches, our General sent five thousand men to take possession of a Wood, as a Post very commodious, and of great advantage to our Army, to be short, about ten of the Clock in the morning our Men fell upon the Rear of the Enemy, the Spaniards that composed it, were the first exposed to the fury of our Souldiers, and in less then two hours they were forced to Retire in great confusion to the main Body of the Dutch. A little before his Highness had sent ten thousand Men to attack eight Regiments that the Prince of *Orange* had left to keep his baggage, the fight was vigorously disputed in this place, but at last the French made themselves Masters of it. So far the Enemies had lost six times more men then we, but the Van of our Enemies composed of the Germans turning fell upon our Troops the Massacre was here the greatest and the most terrible, about six of the Clock both Armies were wholly ingaged. The Confederates had at least fifteen thousand men more then we, but magure those odds we forc'd them to Retire, and to abandon us the victory, the Spaniards have lost about four thousand men, the Dutch as many, but the slaughter was greatest of all amongst the Germans, for above five thousand of them were left dead or mortally wounded upon the Field, we have lost above four thousand men, and amongst them about eight hundred Gentlemen. Of two Italian Regiments that were in the Confederate Army there are hardly men enough left to make up a Company. *Mondony* one of the Colonels was killed, and the Marquis de *Sarondi* is Prisoner and dangerously wounded, the Regiments of *Holstein*, of *Waldeck*, of *Vaudemont*, *Medode*, and *Lorrain*, have not above five hundred men left, the Marquis *Dassentiar* who Commanded the Spanish Cavalry, was taken prisoner and dyed last night of his wounds: Le Marquis del *Guardo*, le Comte de

Falstanel, and le Marquis don *Alonso del Prado* were killed. The Prince of *Salme* the Duke of *Holstein*, the Comte de *Merode* are Prisoners, le Prince *Pio*, le Prince *Charles de Lorrain*, le Comte de *St. Guarin*, le Marquis del *cada* are dangerously wounded, we heard yesterday that General *Souches* had been wounded with a Pistoll shot in the Shoulder, but without any danger. The Prince of *Orange*, escaped without any hurt though he thrust himself into the thickest of our Troops, all our Officers do praise exceedingly the stout Carriage of that young General. There is a true relation of our Enemies losses, ours are nothing so great, but yet they are considerable enough, our General was preserved as by a Miracle for he had two horses killed under him. He acted the part of a Commander like a judicious and experienced Prince, and that of a Souldier like a stout Man. His son the brave Duke of *Enguin*, that son so worthy of such a Father did wonders in this Battell but I fear that his glorious actions will cost us very dear since in all probability his wounds will prove mortal, the Duke of *Navailles* has done nothing in this occasion contrary to the glory of his past actions. *Luxemburg* behaved himself like a gallant Souldier, and a wise and a stout Commander, he is wounded with a Pike in the side but not dangerously. In short the whole Army did all that could be expected from gallant men, we have lost a great many men of quality in this Battell and amongst the rest the Comte de *Boise*, le Marquis de *Merillon*, le Comte de *Lustan*, le Vice-comte de *Herrer* le Chevalier de *Lauerdun*, are Killed. Monsieur le Comte de *Montal*, after a thousand actions of valour was wounded in four severall places, but the most dangerous is of a Musket shot in the Thigh, le Chevalier de *Fourilles*, the Comte de *Buiston* le Marquis de *Beurgard* are dangerously wounded, our Brother that Commanded the Regiment of *Vandefine* in the absence of the young Colonel is wounded in three severall places, but without any danger of his life, he hath lost above eight hundred men of his Regiment, for my part I have been so happy as to scape without any hurt from an occasion where Death had so plentiful a Harvest, we are in a daily expectation of a second Battell for the Prince is resolved to attack the Enemy once more upon any favourable occasion it I am so happy to scape alive from the next as I have from the last. I will let you know all the particulars of it. In the intreim give me leave to assure you that no man in the world loves you better then,

Your ever kind friend and

humble servant:

R. M.